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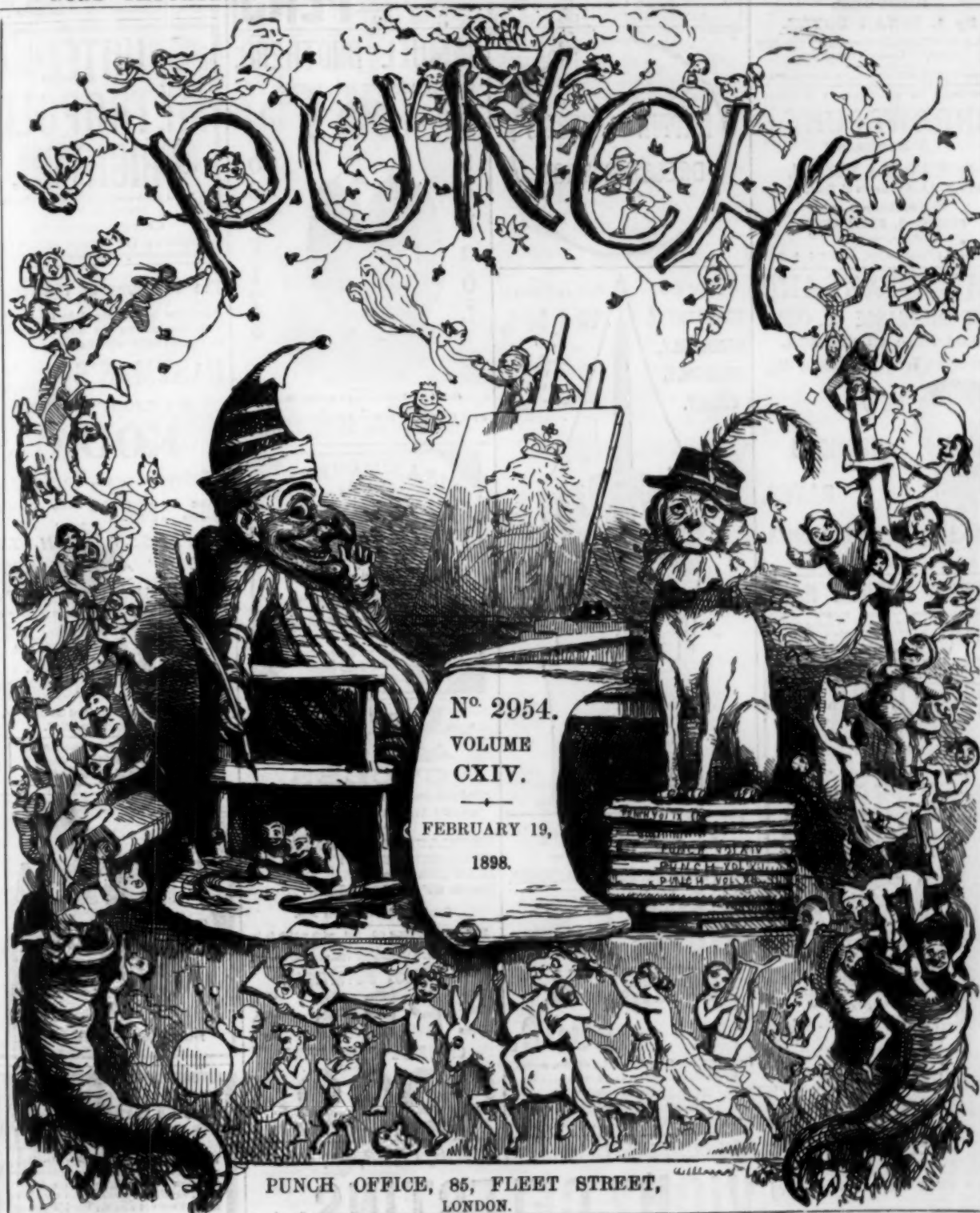
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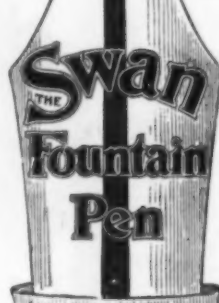
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BRIEFLESS IN RE ZOLA.

It is my opinion that it would be distinctly out of place to hazard a suggestion anent the recent trial in Paris while the matter remains *sub judice*. But when I say this, I mean that the cause should be sacred so far as forensic judgment is concerned. I do not know why the ceremony observed on the other side of the Channel should not give a hint to those responsible for the procedure in the Royal Courts of Justice. Speaking for myself, I can say that there is a sad lack of enthusiasm in our Divisions, especially on the Chancery side. During the course of a career now becoming a lengthy one, I have scarcely ever caused the Bench to nod approvingly, much less to cheer. I have in my mind a case—one to which reference is frequently made in the Carey Street robing-room—which, had it been heard in France, would have gone, to use a colloquialism, with shouts. It was known as *Brown v. Smith and Simkins*. To make my meaning clearer, I will give a report as the hearing might have been had Paris, and not London, been the site of the trial of the action.

I will adopt the dramatic form, as the more convenient for reporting.

Judge. Who appears in this action?

Q. C. No. 1. I, my Lord, for Mr. BROWN.

Q. C. No. 2. And I, my Lord, for Mr. SMITH.

Mr. Briefless. And I, my Lord—I say, I for Mr. SIMKINS.

Judge. You, Mr. BRIEFLESS?

Mr. B. Yes, my Lord; and permit me to say, my Lord, with all respect to your Lordship, that the man who would not protect his client's interests as his own is unworthy of the name of an utter barrister.

[*Loud cheers*.]

Judge. I must beg you, Mr. BRIEFLESS, to make no speeches.

Mr. B. My Lord, I have the greatest respect for the British Bench. I hold your Lordship in the deepest personal esteem. But I value more than life itself the liberty which opens the mouth of the advocate, and supplies copy to the pen of the hard-working, noble-minded and conscientious reporter!

[*Loud cheering, in which the gentlemen of the press join with heartiness*.]

Judge. I do not quite follow you, Mr. BRIEFLESS, but the time will no doubt arrive when I shall be glad to hear you.

Mr. B. Asking your Lordship's pardon, I declare that the time has arrived. I appeal to England, to Europe, the whole world! I say that free speech is the birthright of the British-born, that silence is the badge of slavery, and that JOHN BULL will never, never consent to a condition of serfdom. Yes, my Lord, I declare this, and intimate with infinite respect that Britannia rules the waves and unfurls the banner of freedom.

[*Renewed cheering*.]

Judge. That may be so, Mr. BRIEFLESS, but if I am to hear you, you must put your arguments in common form.

Mr. B. My Lord, I have done my duty, and am prepared to die for my country.

[*Enthusiastic cheering*.]

Judge. As you are a member of the Bar, I am forced to believe you. But I would point out that you are wandering from the point.

Mr. B. No, my Lord, with the utmost respect to your Lordship I declare I am not. I speak, and with the fiat of the people's will.

[*Loud cheers*.]

Judge. If you are interested in wills, Mr. BRIEFLESS, you should take your arguments to the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division.

Mr. B. This is trifling, my Lord. (*Murmurs*.) Yes, my Lord, this is trifling. I appeal to your Lordship to save the honour of the Empire, to salute that flag that has braved the battle and the breeze for scores of years, nay, centuries—the Union Jack.

[*Enthusiastic cheering*.]

Judge. Certainly. But, Mr. BRIEFLESS, what are your objections to the order I propose to make—all parties agreeing?

Mr. B. I do not object, my Lord. No, my Lord, on the contrary, I support your Lordship. I do this in the sacred cause of virtue, innocence, and truth. I do this because I hold that grandest emblem of perfect humanity—a brief of consent both for plaintiff and defendant!

[*Tumultuous applause, during which Mr. BRIEFLESS resumes his seat amidst the hearty congratulations of a score of solicitors*.]

Such might have been the report of the *cause célèbre* to which I have referred, had Gallic precedent been acknowledged and followed. As it was, the affair—so far as I was concerned—occupied about five seconds.

Under these circumstances I am distinctly of opinion that the procedure in our Courts calls earnestly for immediate revision.

(Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump-Handle Court, February 12, 1898.

OUR LITERARY PARAGRAPHS.

(*Special and exclusive*.)

MR. SNOOKS, the eminent novelist, has been greatly annoyed by the inaccurate accounts of his methods of work which have appeared in certain of our ill-informed contemporaries. The statement, for instance, that this distinguished writer uses a quill is absolutely untrue; he writes invariably with a gilt J. We may add, on the best authority, that he prefers smooth paper, and that he attaches his sheets of MS. to each other by means of brass paper-fasteners. This most important information has never been divulged before. MR. SNOOKS is at present working on his new story, which is to appear as a serial in the *Whitechapel Gazette*.



MORAL SUPPORT.

American Eagle (to British Lion). "WHAT! NOT GOING TO FIGHT FOR FREE PORTS? WHY, IF YOU'D WANTED BACKING, I'D HA' SAT TIGHT HERE AND FLAPPED MY WINGS FOR ALL THEY'RE WORTH!"

Sanderson.

DARBY JONES ON THE FALLACY OF BEING TOO CLEVER.

HONOURED SIR,—Just when the Sport of Emperors, Kings, Princes, Dukes, Marquises and other Leaders of Creation is about to put its nose through the soil like the Disraelic Primrose—I refer to the Legitimate or Flat-racing pursuit, whereat Lincoln leads the fashion, and is likely to have its local traditions enriched by the successful canonisation of a *Transatlantic Saint*—I would like to say a few words gathered from the sayings of old geese and ganders for the benefit of the goslings who are as yet unaccustomed to the stubble. It is about this time of year that the inexperienced Descendant of the Biped, which saved the City of Rome and is very familiar to us at the Feast of St. Michael, is lured into wagering at least a Moiety of his Expectations on such contests as the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes and the Derby. With the avidity of a Chub in the Mayfly season, he swallows seven, nay, six or five to one about animals, which may be, long before the day of the race, lame, scratched, or even dead. If the Gosling wants to have a run for his money, far better would it be for him to plank down his "spondulicks" (I use a flash idiom) on some selling plater, which, by reference to the daily papers, he may note has "arrived" at this or that meeting. But unfortunately the Gosling, like the great Mr. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, wants to be connected with a Great Enterprise such as the Derby, and he will take ridiculous odds about *Haupfisch*, *Disraeli*, *Dieudonne*, *Batt* or *Collar*, over the Tattenham Corner event, without ever considering that he is perilling his share in the Bank of England at prices at which an honest stock-broker would quiver with laughter.

The whole system, honoured Sir, of giving a betting return long beforehand on Big Races is one fostered by the Book-making Fraternity—not that I blame the members of this unselect association. If I knew how to promote a Great Spring Asparagus or Green Pea Prize, and could lay odds against the first grower in the open ground, I would take a whole page in the *Daily Telegraph* (quite apart from the ever-genial "Hotspur") to advertise my scheme. But I should want to be in the "know." And that is what Mr. Gosling always thinks he is. He is, in his own opinion, more clever than King SOLOMON, and infinitely superior to Lord SALISBURY in his acquaintance with Men and Things—men being Owners, Trainers, and Jockeys; and things four-legged creatures who are treated with far more consideration than their Human Contemporaries. I can see you smile at this assertion, but did you ever know a Man, and I will even say, a Woman, who would fetch ten or fifteen thousand pounds, to say nothing of having been tenderly nurtured for years, and given columns of displayed print in the leading Journals of the Day? Why, Sir, I make bold to say that personally my carcase would not realise the price of cats'-meat.

But *revenons à nos oies* (I picked this up at the Café de la Paix in the fair city of Paris), the sportive Gosling, from the moment that he hatches out from the egg of Eton and Oxford or that of Harrow and Cambridge—you know, honoured Sir, that the public school of St. Giles and the university of Clare Market have been my standards of education—could give Mr. FAY



MacNab (whose wife has met with a slight accident on the Railway, to Railway Agent, who has called to offer condolence, and produces one or two pounds by way of solatium). "NA, NA, IF SHE DIES IT WILL LIKELY BE TWA OR THREE HUNDERS!"

or Mr. DICK DUNN points over questions of betting, and on obscure discussions he could tell you off the reel that the racing colours of the Chevalier GINISTRELLI are white and blue hoops, blue sleeves, with white cap; and that KITCHENER, in 1844, won the Chester Cup riding only 3 st. 7 lb. But this sort of knowledge doesn't make a fortune. So let me warn Mr. Gosling against the "mug-catcher," or he will himself turn out to be a "fly flat." Such is the Jargon of the Vulgar, "according to the ideas of the Strictly Correct." Go upon a race-course and hear if the Upper Ton (not Upper Ten, please, Mr. Printer), don't know how to slash around words not to be found in Webster's, Walker's, or Dr.

Johnson's Dictionaries. The proof of the "poured in" (language) is the beating. At Manchester, Sir, I implore you not to forget the "Distressful Country," which, what with Football Matches and Timber-topping, must now be pretty full of Sassanach gold. When I implore, I can say no more than sign myself Your devoted dog-trotter,
DARBY JONES.

Promising Lad.

Paterfamilias (reading from newspaper). I see they are taking steps to renovate the dome of St. Paul's.

Young Hopeful. They'll want a jolly long pair of steps to reach to the top, Pater!



"HAMLET WITHOUT THE PRINCE."

Cressus, Esq. (a new importation to the Country). "WOULD YOU SAY TO THE DUKE, I SHOULD BE GLAD IF HE WOULD ARRANGE A MEET AT MY HOUSE THIS WEEK?" *Huntsman.* "QUITE IMPOSSIBLE, SIR." *Cressus, Esq.* "WHY?"
Huntsman. "GROUND MUCH TOO 'ARD, 'OUNDS COULDN'T GO, SIR."
Cressus, Esq. "DEAR ME! BUT COULDN'T HIS GRACE COME WITHOUT THE DOGS? SAY, I SHOULD BE DELIGHTED!"

AIRS RESUMPTIVE.

THE RUBAIYAT OF R-S-B-R-Y.

(After the late Omar Khayyam.)

[N.B.—Some of these quatrains are due to happy suggestions of Mr. F-TIG-R-LD'S. They are not all, strictly speaking, in the original.]

I.

WAKE! for the Writing on the Walls is still,
 And dark the cursive signs of Soap and Pill;
 And lo! the Sun emerging from his Couch
 Incarnadines the Peak of Ludgate Hill!

II.

Arise and go it! Death shall clasp your Clay
 If not To-morrow, then some other day;
 The hardest Hide eventually yields;
 Even the Elephant must fade away!

III.

Strange (is it not?) that Dust returns to Dust!
 Philosophers have mentioned how it must:
 One of the Best observed that Time escapes,
 And this Remark was also very just.

IV.

I flung my Astral Body into Air
 To solve Conundrums more than I could bear;
 I cried—"I don't know strictly where I am!"
 It answered—"You are neither Here nor There!"

V.

Whereat I sketched my Future in the Rough;
 Broadly I adumbrated on my Cuff

The Price to pay for problematic Power;
 Then said my Soul—"IT IS NOT GOOD ENOUGH!"

VI.

Here in this crusted Chamber where we sit
 And never legislate one little Bit,—
 Here where the *Whither* and the *Whence* are one,—
 Why should I waste my flowing Fount of Wit?

VII.

For simpler Joys my jaded Spirit yearns,
 The frugal Board, the rustic Page of Burns,
 For these I waive the Cretan Crux, nor ask
 What latest Tune the husky Concert churns.

VIII.

A little Villa somewhere Naples way,
 A Flask of *Capri blanc*, and You to play
 Beside me, *HARCOURT*, 'neath the Olive's Shade,—
 And Life were all an endless Roundelay!

IX.

There, wreathed with clustering Vine, and Ivy dim
 On *VIRGIL*'s Tomb our Posies we will trim;
 What does he care for Vaccination Bills?
AUGUSTUS never vaccinated *him*.

X.

Yonder (unfortunately out of View)
Amalfi laughs above the tideless Blue;
 What are the Woes of *Erin's Isle* to *her*?
 The same as *Hecuba* to Me and You.

XI.

Nor would *Vesuvius* check his molten tide
 Though London Town were quadragintified,

And forty Mayors and Corporations clomb
Up to the Top by Rail and fell inside.

XII.

Fly, then, afar, where that infernal Hum
Of fatuous Politicians cannot come,
And there with Wine and Talk of Turfy Things,
Let us anticipate Elysium.

XIII.

Who knows the *What-Next?* I was born and bred
A Liberal; yet, perchance, when I am dead,
That overrated Flower that takes my Name
The rathe Primrose may sprout above my Bed!

XIV.

LAWSON! if thither you should haply stroll,
Fail not to pay your Due at Memory's Toll;
Ah! sprinkle on this boon Companion's Grave
Some droppings, WILFRID, from your Wassail-bowl!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN portly volumes, published by LONGMANS, Mr. WILFRID WARD tells the story of the *Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman*. The two comprise nearly twelve hundred pages of type, much of it smaller than is usually found in works of this character. On his death-bed the Cardinal summed up his life's object and his life's work in a single sentence. "I have never," he said, "cared for anything but the Church." England was the outlying pasture committed to his cultivation and he threw himself into the work with a self-devotion, a splendid energy, that commanded success. As Mr. WARD finely puts it, he found his coreligionists in England a persecuted sect; he left them a Church. When, nearly fifty years ago, Dr. WISEMAN came to London as Emissary of the Pope, the English Catholic body was a heterogeneous team. There were various orders and congregations of secular priests, Jesuits, Dominicans, Passionists, Redemptorists, Oratorians, Rosminians, each striving to win over England in its own way, and place her salvation to its personal credit. WISEMAN's efforts were directed to amalgamating these forces, marching them in ordered campaign. A masterful man, not mincing language when rebuke or exhortation was called for, he sometimes trod troubled ways. The storm that arose in England on his returning from Rome with the rank of Cardinal was sufficient to have blown a punier man clear off the island. The Cardinal stood foursquare to it, and lived it down. To the present generation the most vivid recollection of the episode is contained in the memorable *Punch* cartoon, appearing when the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was passing through Parliament, representing Lord JOHN RUSSELL writing up "No Popery" on the Cardinal's door in Golden Square and running away. We get a last view of the Cardinal a few days before his death, when the Canons assembled to receive his dying confession of faith. He would not, by reason of weakness of flesh, shirk any of the ceremonial. He insisted upon being fully vested. So, wearing his rochet, his red mozetta and zucchetto, his pectoral cross, his gold stole and his sapphire ring, he took leave of his co-workers. A frail dying mortal, but a Prince of the Church to the last.

We are all familiar with the name of ARTHUR YOUNG, and assume to have read his *Travels in France*. The real man is vividly revealed in his autobiography, edited by M. BETHAM-EDWARDS, and published, with portraits and illustrations, by SMITH, ELDER. Till religious monomania got a firm hold upon him and blindness completed his misery, he lived a useful, bustling life. Incidentally we get glimpses of English country life at the end of the last century, and once or twice come within sound of the voices of PITT and BURKE. Few things written in more pretentious history give a vivid picture of the state of the country during the height of NAPOLEON's power than flashes in a note from ARTHUR YOUNG, dated December 8, 1803. "A letter," he says, "from Lord EUSTON to Sir CHARLES DAVENES recommends that, in case of invasion, all horses and draft cattle that cannot be driven out of reach of the enemy be shot, and that all axle-trees or wheels of all carriages likely to fall into the enemies' hands be broken." It was the death of his favourite daughter, BONNIE, that led to YOUNG's final state of dementia. There are some pathetic passages in the autobiography, describing how "I hoed part of my dear child's garden under the window, and carried her bonnet and cap to her chamber." He had the body buried under the flagging of his pew, fixing the coffin "so that when I kneel it will be between her head and her dear heart." A very remarkable man, and a profoundly interesting book.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



"YOU NEEDN'T BE FRIGHTENED, SWEETHEART. HE WON'T HURT YOU. SEE, HE'S WAGGING HIS TAIL!"
"YES, I SEE, GRANDPA. BUT THAT ISN'T THE END I'M AFRAID OF!"

KECKSOGRAPHY.

(Vide "*Westminster Gazette*.")

Wouldst con the coming ages? Wouldst thou climb
The steepy peak whereon I watch, and see
Spread at thy feet in the wide vale of Time,
The hidden secrets of Futurity?

Wouldst learn the fortune that the happy Fates
Prepare thee? Treasure, glory, honour, land,
And best of all the golden Fair that waits,
All eagerness, to yield thee heart and hand?

All this wouldst know?—Then take thee paper. Pour
Black ink thereon. Fold it while still 'tis wet.
Send it to me with shillings. (Mark! the more
Thy fee, the fairer fortune wilt thou get.)

Then will I con it. Then will I, with art
Most magical and known to none but me,
Read in the future thy hereafter part—
(But *Nota bene*, don't forget the fee!)

"MUMMY TOLD ME SO!"

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have seen it stated that the mummies of ANTIOCHUS SOTER and PTOLEMY II., recently sold by auction, could be certified genuine by letters from Dr. BIRCH and Professor BONOMI. There must be some blundering inversion here. Surely what is wanted is not a letter from BONOMI, saying, "This is PTOLEMY," but rather a letter from PTOLEMY, saying, "This is Bone o' me."
Yours in (G. H.) Mummy mood,
PRO BONO MEO.

[This is a fizz-ical absurdity. No mummified (G. H. or otherwise) PTOLEMY could write such a letter, whatever his tendency to rot (extra sec). We suppose our correspondent would complain of another "blundering inversion" in which letters played a part, if we characterised his levity as "abonomible."]

Answers to Correspondents.

CHICKEN HAZARD.—If you want to set up a poultry-yard "on the cheapest possible plan," we should advise you to buy a big, roomy sack, and wait for a moonless night.



She. "WHAT AN ENORMOUS EXPANSE OF SHIRT-FRONT MAJOR ARMSTRONG HAS!"
He. "H'M—IT ISN'T HIS FRONT I OBJECT TO. IT'S HIS SIDE!"

LUDWIG IN LONDON.

LEARNING THE LANGUAGE.

HONOURED MISTER,—Six weeks ago I came in London, and I sent you some letters which you have given out. Since then I have studied the english language each day and the whole day, I have had conversation-lessons, writing-lessons, reading-lessons, and I no it endly quite good. Only the orthography is so very difficult. At first I new not that in english one writes the most substantivs with a little letter at the beginning. I have also lernt, what is curiouser, that *ich* is "I" and *Sie* is "you." How a German is politer than a Englishman! Not true? He writes "*i*," quite humble, and "You," quite polite. A Frenchman even writes *je*, not *Je*. Only a Englishman is so consieted that he writes always "*I*," as big as possible. Dusent he?

I remained only a day at the hotel, and then, in order to speak english always, I moved to a boardinghouse in the South Kensington quarter of London, where a relative of me stayed one time. So I have spoken enough, because in a *Pension* in any land, people speak without ceasing. But this house is good and dear, so I lern the best english from the guests. One of them, a young *Advokat*, barrister, who must speak very good because he was a student of the university of Oxford, says, "The old tabbys jaw like one o'clock." I have seeked these words in my dictionary, and I find that he speaks not of the boarders, as I supposed, but of the cats, who truly make a awful row during the whole night, and not only at one o'clock, in the so-called garden of this house.

Between my lessons I have visited some of the *Sehenswürdigkeiten*, the things worthy of seeing, in London. I think them not up too much, because they all are so old and so dirty. There is a building unfar from here, called the naturalhistory museum, which I admire, because it is like a german building, and appears quite *funkelnagelneu*, *sparklenailnew*, that is "bran new" in

english, and it is certainly the colour of bran, with some gray marks. The young barrister said it was made to imitate Stillton cheese. His face was quite grave, or I had thought he joked. That is very interesting. I shall tell you of the things worthy of seeing in other letters.

In order to lern a language it is very useful to go in the theatre. Naturely one can not understand the dialekt in a *Volkstheater*, peoplestheater; one must go to the *Hof Theater*, court theater, in a strange town. So I ask one day where is the court theater in London, and they say it is unfar from the boardinghouse. I go therefore one evening. I go no more in a "keb," since my journey from Londonbridge to Cherringross, when I paid sixty shilling, and was nearly killed. *Donnerwetter!* In London there are no horseways—ah no, you say tramways—as in Berlin. Even in Leipaisg they go everywhere every minute. I can not walk. So I go in a "fourwheeler." The door is so narrow that I can almost not go in, though the coachman push me, and when I am in, and arrive after a awful shaking, I fear I shall never come out. I like not the *Droschken* of London, they are made only for the thin ones.

In the theater I am astounded. What a little building! It is much littler than the *Residenz-Theater* in München. *Wunderbar!* But the Queen of ENGLAND is not often in London, so she needs not a large court theater. And what a play! All the actresses have the ugliest clothes. Their faces are pretty, but they are thin. The women in Berlin are beautiful and plump, and they have the elegantest dresses, after the Berlin fashion, which is the best in the world. I suppose the play is a comedy, but I understand almost nothing. During the pauses I drink beer in the *Buffett*, which is also small. All is very small, except the price, and that is colossal. I pay ten *Mark* fifty for a *Parkett-sitz*. Even in Wien in the *Burgtheater*, in the first row, that costs only six *Mark*. London is a jolly site too dear for me.

Obediently, LUDWIG.



SAVED!

(Scene from *Grand International Nautical Melodrama*, first performed in 1833, and now revived with all the Original Scenery and Effects.)

THE THREE SAILORS (together). "AVAST THERE! YOU LUBBERLY SWAB! TAKE THE GOLD, AND LET THE GY-UTL GO FREE!!"

[The Her Majesty's Government, in concert with the Governments of Russia and France, who were the Powers of Europe originally responsible for the creation of Greek freedom, have agreed to jointly guarantee a loan to that country."—See *Report of the Right Hon. Arthur Balfour's Speech* in "Times," February 9.]



THE FASHIONS FOR 1898.

"IT DON'T FIT ME! G'ARN! DON'T YER SEE IT'S A RUSHIN BLOUSE!"

[The loose bodies worn so much at present are called Russian blouses.]

WHAT THE DICKENS!

(At the Court Theatre.)

FROM the rising of the curtain even unto the final fall thereof, Mr. PINERO's *Trelawny of the Wells* is really amusing, because it is capitally acted. Moreover, it is interesting, not so much on account of the old, old story of the swain of comparatively high degree, who falls in love with an actress, but by reason of the peculiar costumes of the period that Mr. PINERO has boldly chosen for his play. It is the time of crinolines, hair-nets, pork-pie hats, peg-top trousers, and Dundreary moustaches and weeping whiskers. Nothing more hideous for the prettiest women, nothing more absurd for the men, than these fashions. On the stage we have the reproductions of LEECH's pictures, which were exaggerations, but not to the extent of being broad caricatures. "Somewhere in the Early Sixties," as the bill of the play informs us, the dramatist has placed a set of characters who will be recognised by readers of DICKENS as belonging to the celebrated Crummles Provincial Company, and here transferred, *nominibus mutatis*, from the Portsmouth to the Bagnigge-Wells Theatre. Mrs. Telfer (Mrs. E. SAKER) is the Mrs. Crummles

who plays the tragedy queens (vide "Phiz's" illustration in the first volume of *Nicholas Nickleby*), while *Ferdinand Gadd* (well played by Mr. G. DU MAURIER), the tragedian, has the attributes of Mr. Lenville, who shares this line of business with the manager, and is as quarrelsome as he is cowardly. Miss *Snedliece*, who was "trembling so much in her tights" when *Nicholas* bade the company farewell, finds her equivalent in Miss *Aronia Bunn*, capitally acted by Miss PATTIE BROWN; and so for the others.

Of course the fancy portraits are all highly coloured for stage purposes; and the domestic life of the provincial actors, that is, of the actors and actresses who used to be, before and "in the sixties," members, for years, of a country company, is more truly portrayed by DICKENS than it could be, in this particular piece, by our dramatist. But not a whiff of an unwholesome flavour, not a spice of lax morality, is there in it; herein differing from Mr. GEORGE MOORE's Zolaesque story of *A Mummer's Wife*. And Mr. PINERO's representation of a provincial company as it was when the Bath, Bristol, and Plymouth Theatres were in the heyday of their existence, and when a visit to "The Wells" was quite a journey out of London, is as true as was Mr. Vincent Crummles's description of their life when DICKENS made him say, in taking leave of *Nicholas*, "We were a very happy little company." They were; simple and happy. Did not Mrs. Siddons, in the costume of *Lady Macbeth*, darn stockings, as she sat at the wing, while waiting to "go on," and bid her husband "give me the dagger"? Well, that was the type of the provincial actress, a genius it may be, but a thrifty housewife withal, who, in those days of small salaries, had to consider the most trifling matters of housekeeping.

Mr. SAM SOTHERN, as *Captain de Fenix*, will forcibly remind everyone of the "in the sixties" period of *Lord Dundreary*; while *Tom Wrench*, who, as actor, is little more than a "super," but who as author is destined to make a big success, must surely have his original in the late TOM ROBERTSON, author of *Caste*. And, indeed, has not the play written by *Tom Wrench* just the idea, as far as one is permitted to know anything about it, of *Caste*? Or perhaps the character may be a reminiscence of Mr. PINERO's own theatrical career.

The part of the Vice-Chancellor is the piece's weakness. That this relentless old father (of a very hackneyed theatrical type, by the way) should suddenly relent on catching sight of a property sword and jewel used by EDMUND KEAN, is as ridiculous as it is ineffective. We should like to forget this episode, and to see the part entirely re-written for Mr. BOUDICAULT, when the present utterly inadequate motive would disappear. Miss IRENE VANBRUGH, the heroine, is charming; Mr. FRED THORNE deserves special mention as the waiter-green-grocer, as does also Mr. E. M. ROMSON as the funny little low comedian.

Should the promise of *Trelawny* prove as good as its performance, then may the manager of the Court, Mr. ARTHUR CHUDLEIGH, hum to himself the ancient refrain, adapted,

"And shall *Trelawny* die? (bis)
No; not for many hundred nights!
I see no reason why!"

And so the Chudleigh ARTHUR may rest peaceably on the Pinero ARTHUR's well-dusted laurels. *Prosit!*

AN ACOUSTIC TERROR.

[*Le Ménestrel*, a musical journal published in Paris, says that a Roumanian pianoforte-maker has invented a piano of such strenuosity, that its tones can be heard at a distance of over six miles.]

THANK Heav'n's, it is seven miles and more
From London to Roumania,
Else there were painful times in store
For our unguarded crania!

Roumania, with the emphasis
On *mania*, now has gone sick, whence
All folks whose ear is not amiss
Have promptly fled in consequence.

If grand piano drowns big gun
In noisy strenuosity,
While Europe's still at peace, we'll shun
This musical monstrosity.

CHIEF FEATURES IN ANOTHER SOUTH AFRICAN HARLEQUINADE.—KRUGER's re-appearance in the character of genial "JOEY," the Inimitable Clown, with HER MAJESTY'S High Commissioner as Pantaloon. Harlequin Mr. RHODES, and Columbine the Hon. Sir W. F. HELY-HUTCHINSON. Policeman (unavoidably absent on account of engagements elsewhere) the Colonial Secretary.



TRIALS OF A NOVICE.

"CONFESS NOW. HAVE YOU EVER HIT A HAYSTACK, EVEN?" "WELL, OF COURSE I HAVE." "WHAT DID YOU AIM AT?"

THE MODERN WOMAN'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Do you agree with a certain female lecturer, that it is the duty of the fair sex to captivate the other?

Answer. Certainly, as cleverness need not be divorced from fascination.

Q. You do not object, then, to brains in the abstract?

A. No; but as some men have a horror of the blue-stocking, I would cover fine heads with pretty toques.

Q. And if a woman has literary tastes, what would you advise?

A. That part of her reading should be devoted to the fashion journals, and she should not sacrifice her toilette to her intellect.

Q. What is your opinion about latch-keys, visits to the music-halls, and cigar-ettes?

A. That, from a man's point of view, they are played out, and consequently should be abandoned by man's would-be help-mate.

Q. What do you think of glasses?

A. That, when necessary, they should take the shape of a pince-nez, as it is more becoming than spectacles.

Q. Then, before marriage, what should be your treatment of man?

A. I should do all I can in my power to please him.

Q. And after the nuptial knot has been tied, what then?

A. That, as Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING would observe, is quite another story.

A Belgravian Conundrum.

Q. When could a reverend incumbent in the vicinity of Belgrave Square be considered as having treated cannibalistically a member of a well-known firm of music-sellers?

A. When he has "Eaton Chapel."



"The Zulu Chief, DINUZULU, who has just been taken back to Zululand, after some years of exile in St. Helena, has now been reinstated to rank as a hereditary chief."—*Daily Telegraph.*

IN THE STUDIO OF THE IMPRESSIONIST.

Artist. Well, what do you think of my picture?

Critic. Capital! But what is it about?

A. Well, I should be glad to hear your opinion. There is nothing like a fresh mind.

C. Well, it may be a battle? Or is it a portrait of your grandmother?

A. Try again. Very creditable for a first attempt, but try again.

C. Or it may be a Spanish bull-fight, or the last eclipse of the sun. Or perhaps it's shrimping at Margate?

A. I dare say you are right. But the title is an after-consideration. But tell me, do you think I could improve it?

C. Well, yes; you might turn it upside down, and repaint it.

[Scene closes in upon the artist giving the suggestion favourable consideration.]

A Crusher.

Country Manager (to Mr. AGRIPPA SNAP, the great London critic, who has come down to see the production of a piece on trial). And what do you think, Sir, of our theatre and our players?

Agrippa Snap (loftily). Well, frankly, Mr. FLATSON, your green-room's better than your company.

SINGULAR SPORTING FACT.—The stag in the famous hunt at the Crystal Palace is chased by Wulff hounds.

MR. PUNCH'S "ANIMAL LAND."

(With Acknowledgments as before.)

The Wagg
or
Tomibole

This humorous little Creature is very shy and modest. It lives on salt-water and blue books and what it doesn't know isn't worth a dead star-fish. When questions is on it has a nice little way of rubbing things in. It is always there.

The Jingonite
or
Yankilark

This odd little Animal did not grow here you would think it had to hear it talk. When it starts saving the Empire and singing Rule Britannia very loud they only look at the ceiling and talk about the weather and how long this is likely to last.

The Hyah-Hyah
or
Fisklekrank

This popular Animal wants to know where everything comes from - then he scribbles all over it. I believe it would label its grandmother. If it can get anybody to meddle with fiskele things, it's quite happy and cheery like twinkling. It has got a cheer that is so loud that I expect it will be quite out of order soon.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, February 8. —A big House in the Commons for opening of new Session. Much buzz and excitement before SPEAKER took the Chair. Thereafter a frost. Talk beforehand of lively times; Government to be assaulted on all sides. No harm likely to come of thumping, however diligent, when delivered through the many folds of Ministerial majority. Still there would be a scrimmage; some pleasant rush of excitement.

Nothing of the sort; only series of long speeches, *réchauffés* of what had been said day after day through the recess. Interest early collapsed. Benches steadily emptied. Those who had come to fight remained to yawn. Impossible to keep thing going even up to midnight. Before its stroke boomed across the Thames (sympathetically yawning at the moment), debate adjourned.

But, as some one has remarked, Thank Heaven we have a House of Lords! To-night that Chamber vindicated its ancient renown. A scene of splendid dignity redressed the balance established by dull verbosity of the Commons. Incidentally House summoned for opening of new Session. Actually it gathered in unusual number to witness the elevation of the LORD CHANCELLOR to the Earldom. Yes, that gallant knight, Sir HARDINGE STANLEY, Lord HALSBURY, was now a Viscount and Earl of Great Britain by the name and title of Viscount TIVERTON, Earl of HALSBURY.

Opening scene discovered the belted Earl (belt not drawn very tight) seated, in black silk robe and full-bottomed wig, on

abashed Woolpack. The MARKISS having announced his new estate, the Earl, drawing himself up to fullest height, walked with stately step adown the gilded chamber. Hesitated a brief moment as to what he should do with his purse. Not an ordinary thing, in which you might carry a sovereign or two, if you had them; but a big, black, gold-embroidered bag, convenient for country visits from Saturday-to-Monday. At first seemed inclined to leave it on the Woolpack. Glancing round, observing several Bishops in close contiguity, concluded he would take purse with him. So walked off with it.



Nurse Halsbury and the Infant Earldom.

After five minutes' absence returned. centre of glittering escort. Black Rod spurred and sworded; Duke of NORFOLK in Earl Marshal's robes; Lord ANCASTER Hereditary Grand Chamberlain, with candlestick and pair of snuffers; Garter King-at-Arms with lion and unicorn fighting all over his back; Earl of COVENTRY and Earl of JERSEY acting as sponsors for the young Earl. Amid breathless silence procession slowly wended its way to the Throne. Arrived there, new Earl, audibly prompted by Black Rod, plumped on knees before empty Throne, on which for a moment he rested the long roll of parchment containing patent of his new peerage. Springing lightly to his feet, Viscount TIVERTON, Earl of HALSBURY, faced about and, holding the scroll gingerly in both arms as if he were conveying it to the baptismal font, procession moved towards the Bar. The scarlet robes slashed with ermine descending to his feet, the full-bottomed wig enshrining a countenance of almost motherly kindness, and the solicitude with which he held in outstretched arms the long, lean body of the scroll, more than ever suggestive of a christening.

Through the hushed silence was distinctly heard the shrill whisper of a breathlessly interested child looking on from under the gallery: "Mummy, do you think it'll cry?"

Procession, strolling in and out between table and cross benches, reached bench below gangway by Bar. Here the three Earls, the new one in the middle, dropped on to the seat, the LORD CHANCELLOR still tenderly dandling in his arms the patent of his infant earldom. Situation seemed suggestive of a cup of tea; perhaps, in the

circumstances, with a dash of rum in it. Would Black Rod go and get it? or would Garter King-at-Arms bring it in?

Whilst the ladies sympathetically looked on, wondering how far the tea would go round, the three Earls, turning their heads in the direction of the empty Wool-sack, raised their hats and bent their heads in salutation. Quite uncanny to see them do this, not once, but thrice.

"Thou canst not say I did it," SARK murmured, thinking of another historic scene where a chair, empty to ordinary eyes, was for *Macbeth's* filled with a strange visitant. "Never shake thy gory locks at me."

Having gravely saluted the empty air, the three Earls rose and, again led by Black Rod, with Garter King-at-Arms in attendance, the Earl Marshal and the Hereditary Great Chamberlain marching behind, the procession wended its way past the table to the Duke's Bench above the gangway. Here the LORD CHANCELLOR dropped on the Bench. Alone he did it, the sponsor Earls not presuming to sit in dual places. The flesh of the onlookers audibly crept as the LORD CHANCELLOR, again "seeing things," bowed his head to the empty Throne. This done, he rose, stood at the table and took the oath, perhaps modestly conscious of how stately a part he had played in a dignified ceremony.

Business done.—New Session opened.

Thursday.—After closing time to-night, WILFRID LAWSON went home a saddened man. When SPEAKER took the Chair, things looked particularly bright. Sir WILFRID's eye twinkled as, looking down the notices of motion, he came on one by Government Whip proposing to nominate the Kitchen Committee.

"WALROND may propose," Sir WILFRID contentedly murmured, "but LAWSON disposes."

Debate on Address in full, if slow swing. Nothing more certain than that it would be carried over midnight. After that solemn stroke had sounded, the strongest Ministry of modern times could not carry the simplest proposal if the most obscure private Member objected. Sir WILFRID was master of the situation. The Kitchen Committee must either give pledge to alter an anomalous and illegal condition of things under which drink is sold at the Lobby bars, the House being unlicensed, or there should be no Kitchen Committee.

Hours slowly drifted by, weighted with dreary drip of ceaseless talk. Distress in Ireland; Slavery in Zanzibar; HOWARD VINCENT on Foreign Tariffs; a dozen other topics in reserve if these left any margin of time before the fatal stroke of midnight. Everything seemed safe. But WILFRID LAWSON is too old a campaigner to leave opening for accident. At a quarter to twelve he mounted his watch-tower. RITCHIE on his legs making mince-meat of HOWARD VINCENT's fictions and fallacies; seemed safe to bring sitting up to midnight. But catching WALROND's eye, President of Local Government Board abruptly brought speech to conclusion. What was left of HOWARD VINCENT asked leave to withdraw his amendment.

Fingers of the clock still tarried at four minutes off midnight. WALROND promptly moved appointment of Kitchen Committee; WILFRID LAWSON

felt all was lost save honour. TANNER disinterestedly came to his help; began speech which, had it been continued over midnight, would have retrieved fortunes of day by postponing appointment of Committee. House always glad to hear an expert on any topic. TANNER just got into stride on the drink question when Closure was moved and game was up. WILFRID LAWSON, with bowed head, heard the Committee appointed.

It takes a long time to tell. But the scene, dramatic finish to a dreary sitting, flashed through in four minutes.

Business done.—Chiefly talk.

Friday Night.—A nice little comedy filled the boards to-night. "A domestic



Britannia according to Mr. Michael Davitt.

comedy," PRINCE ARTHUR called it, though he, not belonging to the domestic circle, played the brightest part. *Dramatis personæ:* JOHN SHORT REDMOND, the true patriot and only friend of Ireland; JOHN CODLIN DILLON, claiming the same part; SQUIRE OF MALWOOD struggling with the emotion of absorbing love, unbounded affection for Home Rule, distressed at seeing its chances spoiled by petty jealousies of two professional supporters; PRINCE ARTHUR, the amused looker-on, with his bag of salt, out of which he rubbed in refreshment for the wounds dealt each other by the three friends to whom nothing was common save passionate love for Ireland; lastly, though his name was not on the original bill, FLAVIN, MICHAEL JOSEPH, Member for North Kerry, in business at Tralee, descended in direct line from FLAVIUS O'FLAVIN, King of Ireland.

When JOHN SHORT REDMOND had poured cheap scorn on the political party that ruined themselves for the sake of Home Rule; when JOHN CODLIN DILLON had threatened them with perpetual exile from power unless they submissively followed the chariot wheels of Home Rule; when the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD had made pathetically patient rejoinder; when PRINCE ARTHUR rubbed in the last handful of salt, wanting to know if it was the policy of

English Liberals again to put Home Rule first—then was heard from a modest back bench the voice of the fiery FLAVIN.

"It will have to be their policy!" shouted the son of many kings.

It was the briefest, but, in immediate effect, the most striking speech of the evening.

Business done.—JOHN DILLON gives the Liberal Party notice.

A SIMPLE CHILD OF THE GHETTO.

In a bashful account of a brilliant career, confided by Mr. ZANGWILL to *The Bookman*, he mentions that he once edited a comic paper, *Ariel*. It is added, "One of the *Punch* staff recently told him (Mr. ZANGWILL) that it was the only comic paper they took seriously, and which they used to read so as to avoid repeating its jokes." "They were not always successful," Mr. ZANGWILL slyly remarks. It is a pretty conceit, the *Punch* staff taking a comic paper seriously, "and which" they read so as to avoid repeating its jokes. Mr. ZANGWILL, of course, does not mean, as might be inferred, that the jokes were so bad that to read them sufficed to ban repetition. What he desires to convey is that this serious comic paper monopolised the wit and wisdom of the week, and that Mr. *Punch's* young men, having their accustomed space to fill, were in the habit of sitting down in a row, reading *Ariel*, grateful if it left anything, however immaterial, for them to say. A funny picture; but the funniest thing of all, that no one on the *Punch* staff ever heard of the serious comic paper till its existence was brought to notice by this modest passage from Mr. ZANGWILL's autobiography.

The Very New School.

Uncle Jos. Well, my boy, I suppose you don't mind going back to school?

Nephew (in the Sixth Form). Not in the least, my dear uncle. I shall be rejoiced to return to my studies. But I confess that I am somewhat exercised in my mind as to the possible characters of the new boys, whom I shall have to employ as fags!

[Uncle Jos does not extract the sovereign which he was fingering in his trousers pocket.]

RECENTLY USED IN COOKING THE WAR CORRESPONDENT'S GOOSE.—The Herbert Kitchener.

Q. Why is the lady bikist of an amorous disposition?

A. Because she is a sigh-cling creature.



Two of Mr. Punch's Pages.

Martell's
"Three Star"
Brandy.



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FRÈRES'
FIRST QUALITY
CHAMPAGNE.
HEERING'S GOLD MEDAL
COPENHAGEN
CHERRY BRANDY.
The Best Liqueur.

With apologies to Hail Caine.



A "Christian" residing at Peel,
 Had a cough which he could not conceal,
 But his letter of thanks
 (Concluded in excellent "Manx")
 Says he's cured by the usual remedy
 (G. HAUDEL'S).

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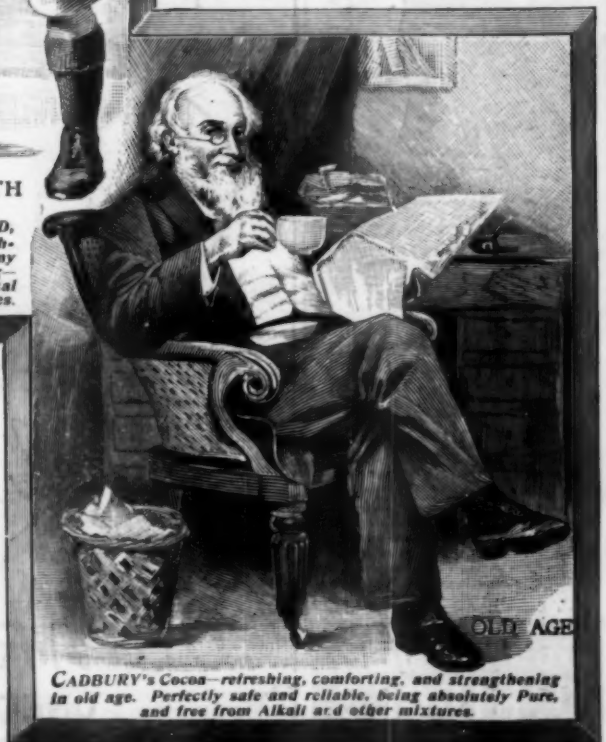
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other. It is invigorating and sustaining—
promoting hardihood and great physical
endurance. The best beverage for Athletes.



OLD AGE
CADBURY'S Cocoa—refreshing, comforting, and strengthening
in old age. Perfectly safe and reliable, being absolutely Pure,
and free from Alkali and other mixtures.